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ABSTRACT

Intended for students taking the Grade 12 Examination in English 30 in Alberta, Canada, this reading test (to be administered along with a questions booklet) includes the following eight short selections taken from fiction, nonfiction, poetry, and drama: "Loyalties" (Roo Borson); "Clever Animals" (Lewis Thomas); "Death of the Nation" (Ernst Havemann); an excerpt from "King Henry the Fifth" (William Shakespeare); an excerpt from "The Corn is Green" (Emlyn Williams): "Eleven" (Archibald MacLeish); an adaptation of Bruno Bettelheim: "Three Ideas to Try in Madison, Minnesota" (Carol Bly); and "Ithaca" (C. P. Cavafy). (KEH)

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GRADE 12 DIPLOMA EXAMINATION
ENGLISH 30

Part B: Reading (Multiple Choice)

READINGS BOOKLET

GENERAL INSTRUCTIONS

Part B of the English 30 Diploma Examination has 80 questions in the Questions Booklet and eight reading selections in the Readings Booklet.

BE SURE THAT YOU HAVE AN ENGLISH 30 QUESTIONS BOOKLET AND AN ENGLISH 30 READINGS BOOKLET.

YOU HAVE 2 HOURS TO COMPLETE THIS EXAMINATION.

You may **NOT** use a dictionary, thesaurus, or other reference materials.

JUNE 1989

I. Read "Loyalties" and answer questions 1 to 9 from your Questions Booklet.

LOYALTIES

Old shoes,
where are you taking me now?
You who've spent a night in the Pacific
farther out than I dared to go —
and I found you again, bedraggled in the morning,
separated from each other by fifty feet of beach,
salt in all your seams, and sand, and seaweed.
That time I thought you were lost for good.
Old shoes, the first my grown feet accepted
without the deep ache that comes
of trying on what others have meant for me. Don't worry,
it's me they're laughing at, those who find us unfashionable.
Our last day upright on the earth
we'll fit each other still.
Don't let them trick you into sorrow.
If they stow you in a box that's too small
in the depths of some unfamiliar closet, remember
the walks we took, the close
companionship of shoes and feet.
Remember the long
mouthwatering days, each place
we rested, just taking it in. We took it in
for a reason, for the time when they'll stow us away
where there is nothing to see, to do, to feel.
And when you've relived it all as much as you need,
when you tire of standing still,
remember the imperceptible holes, how they tore and grew,
the socks, pair by pair, those soft
kittens that came between us, playful, how soon
the walking wore them down.

Roo Borson

II. Read "Clever Animals" and answer questions 10 to 18 from your Questions Booklet.

CLEVER ANIMALS

Scientists who work on animal behavior are occupationally obliged to live chancier lives than most of their colleagues, always at risk of being fooled by the animals they are studying or, worse, fooling themselves. Whether their experiments involve domesticated laboratory animals or wild creatures in the field, there is no end to the surprises that an animal can think up in the presence of an investigator. Sometimes it seems as if animals are genetically programmed to puzzle human beings, especially psychologists.

The risks are especially high when the scientist is engaged in training the animal to do something or other and must bank his professional reputation on the integrity of his experimental subject. The most famous case in point is that of Clever Hans, the turn-of-the-century German horse now immortalized in the lexicon of behavioral science by the technical term, the "Clever Hans Error." The horse, owned and trained by Herr von Osten, could not only solve complex arithmetical problems, but even read the instructions on a blackboard and tap out infallibly, with one hoof, the right answer. What is more, he could perform the same computations when total strangers posed questions to him, with his trainer nowhere nearby. For several years Clever Hans was studied intensively by groups of puzzled scientists and taken seriously as a horse with something very like a human brain, quite possibly even better than human. But finally in 1911, it was discovered by Professor O. Pfungst that Hans was not really doing arithmetic at all; he was simply observing the behavior of the human experimenter. Subtle, unconscious gestures — nods of the head, the holding of breath, the cessation of nodding when the correct count was reached — were accurately read by the horse as cues to stop tapping.

Whenever I read about that phenomenon, usually recounted as the exposure of a sort of unconscious fraud on the part of either the experimenter or the horse or both, I wish Clever Hans would be given more credit than he generally gets. To be sure, the horse couldn't really do arithmetic, but the record shows that he was considerably better at observing human beings and interpreting their behavior than humans are at comprehending horses or, for that matter, other humans.

Cats are a standing rebuke to behavioral scientists wanting to know how the minds of animals work. The mind of a cat is an inscrutable mystery, beyond human reach, the least human of all creatures and at the same time, as any cat owner will attest, the most intelligent. In 1979, a paper was published in *Science* by B.R. Moore and S. Stuttard entitled "Dr. Guthrie and Felis domesticus or: tripping over the cat," a wonderful account of the kind of scientific mischief native to this species. Thirty-five years ago, E.R. Guthrie and G.P. Horton described an experiment in which cats were placed in a glass-fronted puzzle box and trained to find their way out by jostling a slender vertical rod at the front of the box, thereby causing a door to open. What interested these investigators was not so much that the cats could learn to bump into the vertical rod, but that before doing so each animal performed a long ritual of highly stereotyped movements, rubbing their heads and backs against the front of the box, turning in circles, and finally touching

Continued

the rod. The experiment has ranked as something of a classic in experimental psychology, even raising in some minds the notion of a ceremony of superstition on the part of cats: before the rod will open the door, it is necessary to go through a magical sequence of motions.

Moore and Stuttard repeated the Guthrie experiment, observed the same complex "learning" behavior, but then discovered that it occurred only when a human being was visible to the cat. If no one was in the room with the box, the cat did nothing but take naps. The sight of a human being was all that was needed to launch the animal on the series of sinuous movements, rod or no rod, door or no door. It was not a learned pattern of behavior, it was a cat greeting a person.

The French investigator R. Chauvin was once engaged in a field study of the boundaries of ant colonies and enlisted the help of some enthusiastic physicists equipped with radioactive compounds and Geiger counters. The ants of one anthill were labeled and then tracked to learn whether they entered the territory of a neighboring hill. In the middle of the work the physicists suddenly began leaping like ballet dancers, terminating the experiment, while hundreds of ants from both colonies swarmed over their shoes and up inside their pants. To Chauvin's ethological eye it looked like purposeful behavior on both sides.

Bees are filled with astonishments, confounding anyone who studies them, producing volumes of anecdotes. A lady of our acquaintance visited her sister, who raised honeybees in northern California. They left their car on a side road, suited up in protective gear, and walked across the fields to have a look at the hives. For reasons unknown, the bees were in a furious mood that afternoon, attacking in platoons, settling on them from all sides. Let us walk away slowly, advised the beekeeper sister, they'll give it up sooner or later. They walked until bee-free, then circled the fields and went back to the car, and found the bees there, waiting for them.

There is a new bee anecdote for everyone to wonder about. It was reported from Brazil that male bees of the plant-pollinating euglossine species are addicted to DDT. Houses that had been sprayed for mosquito control in the Amazonas region were promptly invaded by thousands of bees that gathered on the walls, collected the DDT in pouches on their hind legs, and flew off with it. Most of the houses were virtually stripped of DDT during the summer months, and the residents in the area complained bitterly of the noise. There is as yet no explanation for this behavior. They are not harmed by the substance; while a honeybee is quickly killed by as little as six micrograms of DDT, these bees can cart away two thousand micrograms without being discommoded. Possibly the euglossine bees like the taste of DDT or its smell, or maybe they are determined to protect other insect cousins. Nothing about bees, or other animals, seems beyond imagining.

Lewis Thomas

III. Read "Death of the Nation" and answer questions 19 to 36 from your Questions Booklet.

DEATH OF THE NATION

In my boyhood every small white boy on a farm in Natal, South Africa, had a black companion, an "umfaan." The umfaan was usually three or four years older than the white boy, so that he could take care of his charge. My umfaan was called Fakwes. His real name was Ukufakwezwe, "The Death of the Nation," because he was born at the time of an epidemic that killed a great many people, including his father.

He was ten or eleven when he came to work on my family's farm, which meant that he had had five or six years as a herdboy, spending all day every day in the veld with the other boys of his family. He knew the name of every bird, every little animal, even every insect we came across, and he knew what one should do about each of them — which bees sting and which merely buzz, how to salute the praying mantis.

We collected quails' eggs, flying ants, and small white tubers and roasted them on the lid of a cast-iron pot. We hunted cane rats and lizards and helped herd the cattle. Sometimes we went with one of Fakwes's relatives to visit the native reserve adjoining the farm. We took salt, tobacco, and matches as gifts, and perhaps a beer bottle of liquid lard. We were received ceremoniously, like adults, and when Fakwes's grandfather took the tobacco, he invited us into his hut, which was very special because of his spears and his big oxhide shield.

An exciting thing happened on one of those visits. On our way home we heard a shout from very far away, then a louder one close by from a man high in a tall tree. He was shouting, "The goats are in the field!" In a moment we saw a boy scramble up the rocks to the top of a little hill and heard him scream, "The goats are in the field!" Fakwes ran to a big tree, climbed up, and shouted the same words. Someone picked up the message, and we could hear it repeated from the next hilltop and then the next, far away.

"Where are the goats?" I demanded: "Shouldn't we run and chase them?"

"You will see the goats in a little while," he said. "They will be riding horses and carrying revolvers."

Some time afterward — I think we had ridden more than a mile — the "goats" appeared. They were two policemen on horseback. Fakwes said that by the time they reached the kraals[1] all the men who did not have passes or poll-tax receipts would be hiding in deep bush, together with all the unlicensed dogs.

"You have seen a secret thing," he said. "You must never speak of it." He knew that if he said it was secret I would not tell, just as I did not tell when we killed the prize rooster with our catapults. I never did tell, though I felt guilty and anxious whenever a policeman looked directly at me, in case he knew.

My first few school years were in a one-roomer a few miles from our place. I rode a pony to school; Fakwes walked or trotted alongside. Out of sight of adults we both rode, or Fakwes rode and I tried to keep up. When we reached the school, I went into the playground while Fakwes joined the other umfaans and the ponies in the school's field. The umfaans played games of guessing how many

Continued

[1]kraals — villages

pebbles there were under which condensed-milk tin, breaking off to listen to our singing lessons. When we emerged, they would break into "John Peel" or "Land of Hope and Glory," rendering it loudly and perfectly but with a distinctive African flavor.

On the way home I regaled[2] Fakwes with what I had learned that day. After lunch we usually went down to the reservoir to draw in the soft mud left by the receding water. Fakwes drew bulls with enormous horns. I drew faces and wrote letters. He laughed when I wrote FAKWES and said it was his name. In response he scratched zigzag lines and said they were my name, but after a while he took writing seriously and began to copy letters from my books. He was quicker and neater than I was. He wanted to write his whole, long, real name, but I could not cope with long words and we had to abandon it. He drew one of his fearsome bulls and said, "Let that be the writing for my name."

We had trouble with other Zulu words, because I did not know how to write the click sounds. The teacher said that Zulu was not made for writing, it was for savages, but by the time I left the one-roomer to go to Big School in the village, twenty miles away, Fakwes and I could both read the Zulu on the packets of baby formula at the trading store.

Once I was at Big School, I saw Fakwes only when I came home on weekends. Though only fifteen or sixteen, he received a full man's wages, because he could read and write figures and work out piecework tasks and things like that. I brought him a Zulu New Testament, which was the only Zulu book I could find. He was ecstatic. "I shall be as clever as a preacher! I shall know all that he knows, from this Believers' book. But I will not be a Believer." He wrote me a careful letter of thanks in Zulu and signed it with one of his drawings of a bull.

The New Testament was full of place names — Nazareth, Bethlehem, Rome, Ephesus. But where were they? We went through my school atlas. What really gripped him in the atlas was England. He scoffed at the idea that such a small red patch could be the England that had defeated the Zulus, the Boers, and the Germans. His grandfather liked to tell how *his* father had fought at Isandhlwana, where the Zulus wiped out Lord Chelmsford's column, and at Ulundi, where the British broke the Zulus. The withered old man had a deep respect for British soldiers. "They were all heroes," he recounted. "They died without flinching. And they killed without flinching. Like Zulus." He enjoyed the little red-coated lead soldier I brought him, and attached it to the end of a spear.

Fakwes shared his grandfather's admiration for British soldiers but deeply resented settlers. "One day we will take back all this land," he declared. "We will burn the sugarcane and take the horses and cattle and sheep. The farmers will load their trucks and go, go to the south, away from us. I will be a great man in the council of chiefs, because I can read and I know where England is, and Bethlehem. I will write letters for the council of chiefs. On letters to friends I will draw a bull. And you, my brother" — he put his arm around me — "you will be our adviser. The great chiefs always had a white man to tell them the thoughts and deceits of the English. We will give you many wives and red Boer cattle with their horns swept back, and a little band of warriors to guard you and greet you with praises. Which house would you like?"

One weekend when I came home, Fakwes was not there. No one knew where he was, and the police were looking for him. A youth with whom he had quarreled

Continued

[2]regaled — entertained

had been found unconscious by the roadside, with a head wound. If he died, the police would probably charge Fakwes with murder. My father let it be known that we would arrange a lawyer if Fakwes turned himself in, but that proviso was unnecessary. The wounded youth recovered and refused to make a complaint — it was a fair fight, he said — and so no charge was recorded against Fakwes. Fakwes nevertheless stayed away. We heard rumors that he had been seen in Durban, and then in Cape Town. About a year after Fakwes disappeared, I received a card with a London postmark. It had a picture of a redcoated soldier. There was no message, only a drawing of a bull with big horns.

About five years ago I had a visit from Benny Miller. He was, and is, an undistinguished lawyer with a drinking problem. Most of his clients appeared to be shopkeepers charged with minor breaches of municipal bylaws, but he had also, surprisingly, appeared in two or three African political trials.

He phoned me one evening at my house. "I didn't want to be seen coming to your office," he said. "Your friends might think you were involved with one of my clients, and that wouldn't do, eh?"

"What do you want?" I snapped.

"I'm representing an old friend of yours. You may be able to help."

I agreed to see him. He was a plump, sallow man with curly gray hair and a practiced, self-deprecating smile. He accepted a drink, looked around the room, and remarked, "Nice place you have here."

I waited, not concealing my dislike.

"Do you know a man called Mkize? Big fellow, around forty."

I could not recall a black acquaintance by that name.

"He says to tell you the goats are in the field."

"Oh, Fakwes!" I exclaimed. I had forgotten that his clan name was Mkize. "Fakwes. Sure. We grew up together, but I haven't seen him for years. Where is he?"

"In jail. Forged papers and possession of an offensive weapon. But that's just to hold him until they get to the red meat. I think the prosecution is after conspiracy or sabotage or worse. He was abroad a long time and he speaks fluent Portuguese and French."

"French! Fakwes speaks French?"

"Quite educated French, as far as I can judge. He seems to have got around."

"Portuguese and French, eh?" I could not believe it. "Well, how can I help?"

"Perhaps you can't help at all. But if there's no concrete evidence against him, just suspicion, then they might go for detention without trial. In that case character evidence may ease his lot. Someone like you — upright, prosperous, right-wing — could carry weight, perhaps pull a string or two. I understand you have friends in government circles. Well, we all have our weaknesses. I should warn you, though, a dossier[1] is bound to be opened for anyone who's connected with him."

"I'll think it over," I said.

He took it as a refusal. "I don't blame you. Things are never quite the same

Continued

[1]dossier — information file

once you've been mixed up in one of these affairs."

"I'm not mixed up in anything," I protested.

"No? Consider this: You're a friend of a subversive character. He sent you a coded message through me, which you obviously understood. Perhaps on your trips abroad you stopped over in Nairobi or Lourenço Marques or Marseilles, where he also happened, just happened, to be at the same time. Adds up. So you're probably wise to turn your back. Boyhood pals across the color line is one thing — touching, in fact — but in adults it's suspicious."

He rose to go, putting his glass down noisily. I held it up and looked inquiringly.

"I thought you'd never ask," he said, sitting down.

"Can I see Fakwes?"

"How naive can you get!" He threw up his hands. "The man doesn't say 'Can I see the accused?' — or Mkize, or anything like that. No! He uses some kind of pet nickname! How do you suppose you would sound in court? What does it mean, anyway?"

"Fakwes is short for Ukufakwezwe."

"I see. Does Uku-whatever mean anything?"

"It means 'The Death of the Nation.'"

"Imagine what a prosecutor could make of that in a subversion case! Imagine, The Death of the bloody Nation! 'And which nation were you planning the death of, Mr. Mkize?'"

"Can I see him?" I repeated impatiently.

"I wouldn't advise it," he said seriously. "It would tar you a bit."

"Can I do anything else? Clothes, cigarettes, money? Your fees?"

"Since you ask, since you ask, I'll tell you. I earn my living helping small businessmen who make mistakes. Clients like your friend usually don't have a penny. I handle them *pro deo.*[4] Naturally, I try to avoid incurring expenses. But even so there's stationery and postage and official fees. It costs. You stock an excellent spirit, by the way. Not like some cheapskates, who put away the Black Label and bring out the Japanese when they see me coming."

I refilled his glass and took out my wallet. I like to carry a reasonable amount of cash, and that afternoon I had drawn an extra sum because my wife and I were going to the races the next day. There were always races in Durban on Wednesday afternoons. I took all there was in the wallet and gave it to Benny Miller without counting it.

He weighed it in his palm. "I wish I had a boyhood chum like you," he said. "It's understood that this is an unconditional gift? I use it as I choose, and I don't account for it?"

"I don't know what happened to the money," I replied. "It must have slipped out of my hip pocket in the street when I was tying my shoelace."

He put the money in his pocket. "Okay. But remember what I've said. Once you've done something like this, things are never quite the same." He drained his glass and left.

My wife was horrified when I told her what had occurred.

"You've always told me of your wonderful Zulu friend, the David to your

Continued

[4]pro deo — for God, (without charge)

Jonathan,"[5] she jeered. "And now, when he might be in jail for the rest of his life and you might get a chance to speak for him, you'll think it over. Think it over! I'm ashamed."

"You'd be more than ashamed if the police came and turned the house inside out, looking for God knows what," I retorted.

I kept telling myself that I didn't owe Fakwes that much. I would have owed him if he had been just an ordinary, or even a rather special, black man, like those I met on the Bantu Welfare Committee. With his brains and a bit of help he could have got more education and perhaps become a teacher, or my head clerk, which would pay better. We would have remained friends. He would come to dinner from time to time. My European friends would recognize that they were being given a special treat if they were invited when he and his wife came. But as it was . . . He had nearly killed that youth years ago, and now it seemed he might be a terrorist. Perhaps he was. When he was a boy, he wanted to take the land back from the settlers. Fancy his learning French! I wondered what he looked like. Was he the same person that I had known twenty-five years ago? I was guiltily certain that if I were a fugitive, he would risk his life for me. Or would he? Several kids with whom I had been friendly at school were now only distant acquaintances.

At the races the next day my wife ostentatiously put all her money on Bosom Friend at fifty to one and won. Someone assured us that Beesknees was a certainty for the main race. I backed him without excitement. Fakwes and I used to rob wild bees' nests. We got up early, because in the cold dawn bees huddle together, more or less inactive. We collected twigs and leaves, made a smoky fire, and blew smoke deep into the nest, which was usually a hole in the ground or in a hollow tree. The smoke stupefied the bees. Fakwes always made me stand some distance away while he chopped and dug to get at the honeycombs. He was often stung. I was occasionally stung too, but I learned not to cry out: one of Fakwes's rules was that one was never allowed to cry for pain. I was always the one who carried the honey home, like a conquering hero, while Fakwes stood by, waving an insect-repellent herb and describing how we had located the nest by following the flight of bees from a flowering tree or by listening to the bee-eater. The bee-eater has a very pronounced swallowtail and . . .

"Wake up, dreamy Daniel!" My wife shook my elbow. "When you come to the races, you're supposed to care which horse wins." She pointed to the board flashing BEESKNEES 12-1. He had won by three lengths.

The next day I phoned Benny Miller. As soon as he heard my voice he said, "I'll ring you back" and put down the receiver. Ten minutes later he called from a pay phone.

"My office phone is tapped," he explained. "What's on your mind?"

"I've decided I will be available as a character witness or do whatever else you think may help."

"Congratulations. Or perhaps you're psychic. Your friend escaped from custody last night. There is the usual loose talk about venal[6] guards. Anyway, I don't suppose you'll see your pal again unless you rendezvous abroad. Well, so long."

About a month afterward I received a postcard from Spain. It showed a black

Continued

[5]the David to your Jonathan — in the Old Testament Book of Kings, Jonathan befriended David in their boyhood

[6]venal — open to bribery

bull, its shoulder bristling with lances, kneeling on a bull-fighter. That was all. No message, just the wounded black bull triumphing over its adversary. I burned the card. It is not the sort of thing one wants to keep around.

Benny Miller was in the news a couple of times during the next year. A technicality saved him from conviction on a charge of corrupting a Customs officer, and he was knocked down the courthouse steps by women protesting against his defense of a black girl who had organized a union of nursemaids.

He called me soon after my return from a visit to Europe. He spoke from a phone booth. "Did you have a good trip? See all the old friends you wanted to see? Look, a fund you know of has developed a deficit like the national debt. Would you care to perpetrate a mitzvah?"[7]

We met in a bar. We did not drink together or greet each other, but he picked up an envelope that I left on the counter.

Eight or nine months later he phoned again, soon after the African bus riots. "Miller here. I'm sure you know why I'm calling."

I hesitated, and he said urgently, "Look, man, the bloody goats are in the field, man."

"Okay," I said. "The Four Seasons bar. Tomorrow at six."

"Bless you," he responded. "Thank God for boyhood chums, eh?"

He phones once or twice every year. He now announces himself as "Benjamin" (that is what his friends call him, he explains) and always asks what news I have from abroad. I always answer "Nothing," but he enjoys teasing me with the suggestion that I am connected with an underground movement. I inquire after his health and may refer to a trial in which he is appearing. Then I mention goats, and he makes a little joke about my accumulation of credits "up there." A good act qualifies as a credit even if it is not entirely voluntary, he says.

Ernst Havemann

[7]mitzvah — worthy deed

IV. Read the excerpt from *King Henry the Fifth* and answer questions 37 to 44 from your Questions Booklet.

KING HENRY THE FIFTH, Act IV, Scene i

CHARACTERS:

King Henry V — King of England
Bedford — Duke of Bedford, brother to the King
Gloucester — Duke of Gloucester, brother to the King
Sir Thomas Erpingham, Gower, Fluellen } officers in the King's army
Pistol — soldier in the King's army

The English army have invaded France and are camped at Agincourt waiting for daybreak. The French, who are well prepared for them, are camped nearby.

(*Enter* KING HENRY, BEDFORD, *and* GLOUCESTER)

KING HENRY: Gloucester, 'tis true that we are in great danger;
The greater therefore should our courage be.
Good morrow, brother Bedford. God Almighty!
There is some soul of goodness in things evil,
Would men observingly distil it out;
For our bad neighbour makes us early stirrers,
Which is both healthful and good husbandry.
Besides, they are our outward consciences
And preachers to us all, admonishing
That we should dress us fairly for our end.
Thus may we gather honey from the weed,
And make a moral of the devil himself.

(*Enter* ERPINGHAM)

Good morrow, old Sir Thomas Erpingham.
A good soft pillow for that good white head
Were better than a churlish turf of France.

ERPINGHAM: Not so, my liege; this lodging likes me better,
Since I may say, "Now lie I like a king."

KING HENRY: 'Tis good for men to love their present pains
Upon example; so the spirit is eas'd;
And when the mind is quick'ned, out of doubt,
The organs, though defunct and dead before,
Break up their drowsy grave and newly move,
With casted slough and fresh legerity.
Lend me thy cloak, Sir Thomas. Brothers both,
Commend me to the princes in our camp;
Do my good morrow to them, and anon
Desire them all to my pavilion.

GLOUCESTER: We shall, my liege.

Continued

ERPINGHAM: Shall I attend your Grace?
KING HENRY: No, my good knight;
Go with my brothers to my lords of England.
I and my bosom must debate a while,
And then I would no other company.
ERPINGHAM: The Lord in heaven bless thee, noble Harry!
(*Exeunt* [*all but* KING HENRY])
KING HENRY: God-a-mercy, old heart! thou speak'st cheerfully.
(*Enter* PISTOL)
PISTOL: *Qui va là?*
KING HENRY: A friend.
PISTOL: Discuss unto me; art thou officer?
Or art thou base, common, and popular?
KING HENRY: I am a gentleman of a company.
PISTOL: Trail'st thou the puissant[1] pike?[2]
KING HENRY: Even so. What are you?
PISTOL: As good a gentleman as the Emperor.
KING HENRY: Then you are a better than the King.
PISTOL: The King's a bawcock,[3] and a heart of gold,
A lad of life, an imp of fame;
Of parents good, of fist most valiant.
I kiss his dirty shoe, and from heart-string
I love the lovely bully. What is thy name?
KING HENRY: Harry le Roy.
PISTOL: Le Roy! a Cornish name. Art thou of Cornish crew?
KING HENRY: No, I am a Welshman.
PISTOL: Know'st thou Fluellen?
KING HENRY: Yes.
PISTOL: Tell him, I'll knock his leek about his pate
Upon Saint Davy's day.[4]
KING HENRY: Do not wear your dagger in your cap that day, lest he knock that about yours.
PISTOL: Art thou his friend?
KING HENRY: And his kinsman too.
PISTOL: The *figo* for thee, then!
KING HENRY: I thank you. God be with you!
PISTOL: My name is Pistol call'd.
(*Exit* PISTOL)
KING HENRY: It sorts well with your fierceness.

William Shakespeare

[1]puissant — mighty, powerful
[2]pike — a long sword-like weapon
[3]bawcock — a good fellow
[4]leek . . . day — the Welsh wore leeks in their caps to commemorate a victory over the Saxons, as ordered by their patron saint, David.

V. Read the excerpt from *The Corn is Green* and answer questions 45 to 54 from your Questions Booklet.

from THE CORN IS GREEN, Act II, Scene i

This scene takes place in the living room of Miss Moffat's house in Glansarno, a small village in a remote Welsh countryside. Morgan Evans is a young man from the Welsh mines who is being privately taught by Miss Moffat.

MISS MOFFAT: Is this your essay on the *Wealth of Nations?*
MORGAN: Yes.
MISS MOFFAT (*Reading briskly*): Say so and underline it. Nothing irritates examiners more than that sort of vagueness. (*She crosses out three lines with a flourish, reads further, then hands him the essay.*) I couldn't work this sentence out.
MORGAN (*Reading*): "The eighteenth century was a cauldron. Vice and elegance boiled to a simmer until the kitchen of society reeked fulminously, and the smell percolated to the marble halls above."
MISS MOFFAT (*As he hands the book back to her*): D'ye know what that means?
MORGAN: Yes, Miss Moffat.
MISS MOFFAT: Because I don't. Clarify my boy, clarify, and leave the rest to Mrs. Henry Wood. . . . "Water" with two t's . . . that's a bad lapse. . . . The Adam Smith sentence was good. Original and clear as well. (*Writing*) Seven out of ten, not bad but not good — you *must* avoid long words until you know exactly what they mean. Otherwise domino. . . . Your reading? (*Handing the essay back to him*)
MORGAN: Yes, Miss Moffat. (*Concentrating with an effort*): Burke's "Cause of the Present Discontents."
MISS MOFFAT: Style?
MORGAN: His style appears to me . . . as if there was too much of it.
MISS MOFFAT (*Mechanically*): His style struck me as florid.
MORGAN (*Repeating*): His style struck me as florid.
MISS MOFFAT: Again.
MORGAN (*Mumbling*): His style struck me as florid.
MISS MOFFAT: Subject matter?
MORGAN: A sound argument, falsified by — by the high color of the sentiments.
MISS MOFFAT: Mmmmm. "The high color of the sentiments" . . . odd but not too odd, good and stylish. . . . For next time. (*Dictating as* MORGAN *writes*) Walpole and Sheridan as representatives of their age; and no smelly cauldrons! (*Opening another book*) By the way, next Tuesday I'm starting you on Greek.
MORGAN (*Feigning interest*): Oh, yes? (*He writes again.*)
MISS MOFFAT: I am going to put you in for a scholarship to Oxford.
(*A pause. He looks up at her, arrested.*)
MORGAN: Oxford? Where the lords go?
MISS MOFFAT (*Amused*): The same. (*Rising happily and crossing to desk with two books*) I've made a simplified alphabet to begin with. It's jolly interesting after Latin. . . . (*She searches among her papers. The matter-of-factness with which she is — typically — controlling her excitement over the scholarship*

Continued

seems to gall him more and more; he watches her, bitterly.) Have a look at it by Tuesday, so we can make a good start — oh, and before we go on with the lesson, I've found the nail-file I mentioned — (*In his mood, this is the last straw. He flings his pen savagely down on the table.*) I'll show you how to use it. I had them both here somewhere — (*without noticing, rumaging briskly*)

MORGAN (*Quietly*): I shall not need a nail-file in the coal mine.

MISS MOFFAT (*Mechanically, still intent at the desk*): In the what?

MORGAN: I am going back to the coal mine. (*She turns and looks at him. He rises, breathing fast. They look at each other. A pause.*)

MISS MOFFAT (*Perplexed*): I don't understand you. Explain yourself.

MORGAN: I do not want to learn Greek, nor to pronounce any long English words, nor to keep my hands clean.

MISS MOFFAT (*Staggered*): What's the matter with you? Why not?

MORGAN: Because . . . (*Plunging*) because I was born in a Welsh hayfield when my mother was helpin' with the harvest — and I always lived in a little house with no stairs, only a ladder — and no water — and until my brothers was killed I never sleep except three in a bed. I know that is terrible grammar but it is true.

MISS MOFFAT: What on earth has three in a bed got to do with learning Greek?

MORGAN: It has — a lot! The last two years I have not had no proper talk with English chaps in the mine because I was so busy keepin' this old grammar in its place. Tryin' to better myself . . . (*His voice rising*) tryin' to better myself, the day and the night! . . . You cannot take a nail-file into the "Gwesmor Arms" public bar!

MISS MOFFAT: My dear boy, file your nails at home! I never heard anything so ridiculous. Besides, you don't go to the Gwesmor Arms!

MORGAN: Yes, I do, I have been there every afternoon for a week, spendin' your pocket money, and I have been there now, and that is why I can speak my mind!

MISS MOFFAT: I had no idea that you felt like this.

MORGAN: Because you are not interested in me.

MISS MOFFAT (*Incredulously*): Not interested in you?

MORGAN (*Losing control*): How can you be interested in a machine that you put a penny in and if nothing comes out you give it a good shake? "Evans, write me an essay; Evans, get up and bow; Evans, what is a subjunctive?" My name is Morgan Evans, and all my friends call me Morgan, and if there is anything gets on the wrong side of me it is callin' me Evans! . . . And do you know what they call me in the village? Ci bach yr ysgol! The schoolmistress's little dog! What has it got to do with you if my nails are dirty? Mind your own business! (*He bursts into sobs and buries his head in his hands on the end of the sofa. She turns away from him, instinctively shying from the spectacle of his grief. A pause. She is extremely upset, but tries hard not to show it. She waits for him to recover, and takes a step toward him.*)

MISS MOFFAT: I never meant you to know this. I have spent money on you — (*As he winces quickly*) I don't mind that, money ought to be spent. But time is different. Your life has not yet begun, mine is half over. And when you're a middle-aged spinster, some folks say it's pretty near finished. Two

Continued

years is valuable currency. I have spent two years on you. Ever since that first day, the mainspring of this school has been your career. Sometimes in the middle of the night, when I have been desperately tired, I have lain awake, making plans. Large and small. Sensible and silly. Plans for you. And you tell me I have no interest in you. If I say any more I shall start to cry; and I haven't cried since I was younger than you are, and I'd never forgive you for that. (*Walking brusquely to the front door and throwing on her cloak*) I am going for a walk. I don't like this sort of conversation, please never mention it again. If you want to go on, be at school tomorrow. (*Going*) If not, don't.

MORGAN (*Muttering fiercely*): I don't want your money, and I don't want your time! . . . I don't want to be thankful to no strange woman — for anything! (*A pause*)

MISS MOFFAT (*Shaking her head helplessly*): I don't understand you. I don't understand you at all. (She goes out by the front door.)

Emlyn Williams

VI. Read "Eleven" and answer questions 55 to 63 from your Questions Booklet.

ELEVEN

And summer mornings the mute child, rebellious,
Stupid, hating the words, the meanings, hating
The Think now, Think, the O but Think! would leave
On tiptoe the three chairs on the verandah
And crossing tree by tree the empty lawn
Push back the shed door and upon the sill
Stand pressing out the sunlight from his eyes
And enter and with outstretched fingers feel
The grindstone and behind it the bare wall
And turn and in the corner on the cool
Hard earth sit listening. And one by one,
Out of the dazzled shadow in the room
The shapes would gather, the brown plowshare, spades,
Mattocks, the polished helves[1] of picks, a scythe
Hung from the rafters, shovels, slender tines
Glinting across the curve of sickles — shapes
Older than men were, the wise tools, the iron
Friendly with earth. And sit there quiet, breathing
The harsh dry smell of withered bulbs, the faint
Odor of dung, the silence. And outside
Beyond the half-shut door the blind leaves
And the corn moving. And at noon would come,
Up from the garden, his hard crooked hands
Gentle with earth, his knees still earth-stained, smelling
Of sun, of summer, the old gardener, like
A priest, like an interpreter, and bend
Over his baskets.
And they would not speak:
They would say nothing. And the child would sit there
Happy as though he had no name, as though
He had been no one: like a leaf, a stem,
Like a root growing —

Archibald MacLeish

[1]helves — handles

VII. Read the adaptation of "Bruno Bettelheim: Three Ideas to Try in Madison, Minnesota" and answer questions 64 to 73 from your Questions Booklet.

from BRUNO BETTELHEIM: THREE IDEAS TO TRY IN MADISON, MINNESOTA

It is exhilarating to spend a few days thinking about the ideas of Bruno Bettelheim, not just because he has such energy and moral genius, but because he is so out of style at the moment. The attention, and certainly the affections, of the liberal intelligentsia are somewhere else, and I feel private and quiet among Bettelheim's findings, instead of feeling like one of a cheering crowd at the arena. There is no distraction.

I expect Bettelheim owes his unpopularity to the fact that he is such a mixed bag: he gets off some of the coarsest censures of young people, leftists, and women that you can come across. He is good and out of fashion. What I like and honor in him is his constant work on *decency*. In a decade given to opening up the unconscious almost as an end in itself, Bettelheim still goes on working on decency between people, decency based squarely on the moral well-being within each person. He calls this moral well-being "individual autonomy." Roughly, it means that no matter how sensibly some insane or cruel proposition is presented to you, you make up your own mind that it is not acceptable, and you do not do the insane or cruel thing.

Applying Bruno Bettelheim's perspective to life in rural Minnesota means taking ideas learned *in great straits* (in the concentration camp at Dachau and later, in the Orthogenic School of the University of Chicago, where he treated autistic children) and deliberately using them *in little straits*. I commend this idea because the countryside, despite its apparent culture lag, is doomed to be wrecked in the mass culture just as surely as the cities are being wrecked. We need major thinking, but our habit is to listen only to the local prophets — mild-mannered provincial professionals living among us, regional poets with their evident faith in nature, local administrators of community projects. Our habit is to listen to those nearby who are affable and low-key. They can't save our personalities, though, any better than fervent quilt making can save our artistic nature or Solarcaine can set a broken leg.

Certainly life in western Minnesota must be about as untroublesome as life anywhere in the twentieth century. It is only luck; we haven't ourselves done anything, psychically or morally, to protect us from the coarsening of life that comes with more population. We are all set to join the mass state — or at least we have no proofs that we won't give way to impersonal relations, increasing rudeness, increasing distrust, ill-temper while queuing up for everything from tennis courts to funeral reservations. Bettelheim's ideas — and I've chosen three of them to think about — have to do with how to keep the self from succumbing to the mass state. The three ideas are (1) replacing the feeling of "business as usual" with crisis thinking, (2) forcing ourselves to have a sense of time in our lives, and (3) understanding the power of negative thinking.

Even when the Nazis began arresting Jews in the 1930s, many refused to leave Germany because the aura of their surroundings — the rooms, the rugs, the paintings — gave them a sense of normalcy in things: like all of us, they had

Continued

projected some of themselves into these objects around them, so if the objects were still there, surely everything was usual? What they needed to do was to switch to *crisis thinking*: they needed to say to themselves, "This is *not* business as usual. We must run away at night, or join the Underground, or separate and plan to meet in Switzerland."

Bettelheim says we must speak or fight, whichever is called for, at the *first moment of our anxiety.* National Socialism looked like "business as usual" in 1932 and 1933; by 1934 it was too late. The Gestapo's intention to terrify eighty million Germans through the constant threat of the camps was published long before they actually did it, but few paid attention. *Mein Kampf*[1] should have been lots of warning: very few people took it seriously. So Bettelheim suggests we must ask ourselves at every other moment, Is this business as usual? Is this a crisis? Is it O.K. to go on just maintaining my life today, or must I act in a political way?

A sense of time warns that now is the time; it is not business as usual. Thinking of time leads to the second idea of Bettelheim's I'd like to bring in: a sense of *time left.* The Gestapo cleverly realized that if you never know *when* something will happen, such as the release of a prisoner from camp or the end of a slave-work detail, you can't organize your own thoughts. A crude example that comes to my mind is the dilemma of runners; if they don't know how many laps remain, how shall they husband their diminishing strengths? When shall they make their final spurt? Christianity feels the sense of *time left* so strongly that the Church teaches that you must regard every moment as your last, so that you will make the final, mortal spurt always. But mass society, which tends to make people relaxed and low-key and unambitious, encourages a slack time sense.

Complaints about "negative" thinking bring me to the third of Bettelheim's ideas: the usefulness of negative or critical thinking. Bettelheim objects to everyone's seizing on Anne Frank's "All men are basically good." He argues that they wish to derive comfort from their admiration of her positive attitude under such awful circumstances, instead of feeling uncomfortable with the truth — which is that people are basically good and they are basically bad. They can be ghastly. Stanley Milgram's *Obedience to Authority* describes an experiment in which subjects were directed to "administer pain" to people strapped in chairs in the next room who were visible through the window. The subjects believed that the dials they operated gave pain whenever the people strapped to the chair failed to learn a given piece of information. Some of the subjects repeatedly turned the dial to the "danger" markings on the machine. They were sadistic without even noticing. If we keep in mind such left-handed inhumanity — Americans just obeying orders — and then repeat to ourselves Anne Frank's remark about people being basically good, we are irritated: naïveté, which ever wants to preserve its artless high, is ignoring rank cruelty. Positive thinking is that kind of naïveté. People who practice or commend it are interested in feeling no pain and in preserving a high. Sometimes a whole culture wishes to preserve this high: then its art and doctrines turn not into positive thinking but into positive pretending.

In our TV space-selling society a generation has grown up on mostly happy, bland, evasive propaganda. No wonder positive thinking can become positive *pretending.*

Bettelheim noted that, when he first wrote his interpretations of the concentration camps, his readers told him they felt "a strange relief," gruesome as the subject

Continued

[1]*Mein Kampf* — Adolf Hitler's statement of his theories and program

was. No matter how oppressive the facts, facing them, calling evil evil, safeguards our personalities.

Why read a set of ideas based on imprisonment in Dachau in 1938? When I first began reading Bettelheim years ago I had the uncanny sensation he was
95 handing me a beautifully thought-out set of bright tools, to keep me (or anyone) in one piece. He showed a way not to sit around absent-mindedly while a gross society raveled away decency like a yarn ball. As much as anyone I've read, Bettelheim helps us not to be wrecked. It takes affection to keep preventing wrecks, and saving people already wrecked. You feel this tough affection in his ideas.

Carol Bly

VIII. Read "Ithaca" and answer questions 74 to 80 from your Questions Booklet.

ITHACA

When you start on your journey to Ithaca,[1]
then pray that the road is long,
full of adventure, full of knowledge.
Do not fear the Lestrygonians[2]
and the Cyclopes[3] and the angry Poseidon.[4]
You will never meet such as these on your path,
if your thoughts remain lofty, if a fine
emotion touches your body and your spirit.
You will never meet the Lestrygonians,
the Cyclopes and the fierce Poseidon,
if you do not carry them within your soul,
if your soul does not raise them up before you.

Then pray that the road is long.
That the summer mornings are many,
that you will enter ports seen for the first time
with such pleasure, with such joy!
Stop at Phoenician markets,
and purchase fine merchandise,
mother-of-pearl and corals, amber and ebony,
and pleasurable perfumes of all kinds,
buy as many pleasurable perfumes as you can;
visit hosts of Egyptian cities,
to learn and learn from those who have knowledge.

Always keep Ithaca fixed in your mind.
To arrive there is your ultimate goal.
But do not hurry the voyage at all.
It is better to let it last for long years;
and even to anchor at the isle when you are old,
rich with all that you have gained on the way,
not expecting that Ithaca will offer you riches.

Ithaca has given you the beautiful voyage.
Without her you would never have taken the road.
But she has nothing more to give you.

And if you find her poor, Ithaca has not defrauded you.
With the great wisdom you have gained, with so much experience,
you must surely have understood by then what Ithacas mean.

C.P. Cavafy
translated from the Greek by *Rae Dalven*

[1]Ithaca — island in the Ionian Sea: legendary home of the Greek adventurer Odysseus
[2]Lestrygonians — from Greek mythology: giant cannibals that Odysseus and his companions met on their journey
[3]Cyclopes — from Greek mythology: race of one-eyed giants
[4]Poseidon — from Greek mythology: god of the seas

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